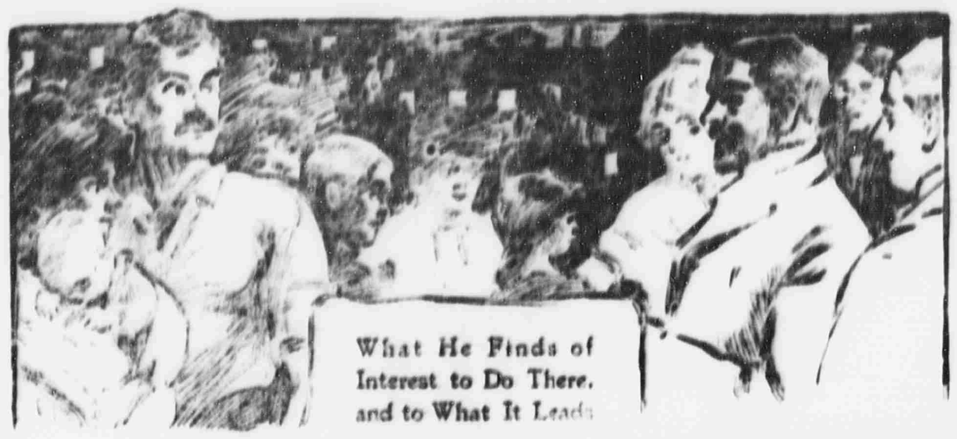
THE YOUNG MAN AT THE SETTLEMENT HOUSE



What He Finds of Interest to Do There, and to What It Leads

May Day festivals in Central Park always present an interesting sight to the visitor, but one of the most interesting elements in the May Day crowd is usually overlooked.

He is remarkable for quality rather than quantity, he does not wear a Swiss muslin gown like the merrymakers, and does not put an extra slice of ice cream into his pocket to take home. It is only the trained glance that can find him stationed behind the ice cream can. His shirt-sleeves are rolled up, and his tie wanders helplessly as far from home as it can get. His derby is not on straight and his expression shows a determination to find out whether or the ice cream is going to hold out and to answer fifty questions as to the probabilities of the storm cloud's breaking up the party.

In a word, he is a settlement worker.

In the Park in May you see him in his picturesque phase. To study him in his ordinary aspect you must invade the settlement house. Here you learn that first of all he must be a diplomatist.

The settlement house is in the centre of the Hungarian and Bohemian colony. The neighbors earn their living chiefly in the cigar factories and by engaging in small trading.

"It was a long time," says the settlement worker, "before the settlement house found favor in the locality. Its proffered hospitality was refused as courteously as it was offered. The big rooms stood untenanted a long time, except by the workers themselves, at that era fewer in number if no less enthusiastic in hope than now.

"It was not only treated with indifference—it was actually shunned. It was rumored that charity lurked here ready to pounce upon the recipient of its hospitality, and charity by these people is something to be asked for and given without ostentation in times of great need and at other periods to be avoided.

"To-day exclusion from the settlement house is considered the greatest ill that can befall. Once, for some act of disobedience, it was found necessary to withdraw the freedom of the establishment from one Thomas, whose shock head topped a five foot length of personality entirely given over to mischievous ways. So deeply did the disgrace penetrate the sensitive feelings of his parents that they moved away from the street into some far away locality, and the settlement house saw them no more.

"In the early days one experiment after another had to be made to gain the people's confidence. At the present time a good deal of walking on egg shells has to be done. If an invitation, for example, is sent out in the name of the board of managers to some special event nine chances out of ten it is refused, because the people contend these same managers would not invite them to their houses and they will not accept their invitations, knowing that.

"After several futile attempts the cellar next door was preempted and the news was gradually spread about the locality that boxing matches, sparring, wrestling and other forms of athletics among the settlement workers were taking place there and any one could come. People came and came again.

"Indifference was succeeded by fervor. It was not long before the cellar was vacated for the larger accommodations next door and the crowd went with the workers, and remained."

Another diplomatic victory is described by a solemn faced youth.

"The outside world," he says, "is absolutely ignorant of the manner in which May queens are selected.

"Regina comes in and says she would like to be May queen if we have no objection. We have none and she goes away happy. Half an hour after that comes Maggie with the same request.

"Maggie is also made happy. To-day there were fifty queens and no one was the wiser, for half of them forgot their crowns and the other half were busy getting two pieces of cake.

"Now, if we had put the matter to a vote there would have been a war. And yet there are still scoffers who say that the settlement workers do no good at all."

Another story, anent one Potter, throws light on the subject of settlement influence among the neighborhood boys.

Potter is at one of the Sunday night concerts and makes amatory advances to a feminine neighbor. This has happened before and the head worker has determined to make an example of him this time. One of the voluntary workers objects, and as there is generosity of method allowed at the settlement, the head worker says:

"I shall send him home, and then you can try your method."

Potter is called from the room and dismissed. As he is going out a tap on the arm and a gesture invite him to a conference. The voluntary worker says:

"Now, Potter, you had no right to act the way you did."

There is no attempt at reprimand; only a man to man talk, and Potter goes away in a vastly different mood.

The next day the following conversation is overheard:

"Huh, Potter, got t'rown out, did yer?"

"I jest got what was comin' ter me," says Potter sturdily, "an' ef I don't kick yer don't have to."

Another worker tells how he was explaining to a visitor the gradual difference in the boys' demeanor, when one, overhearing him, breaks in to say and emphasize:

"Hell, but we were tough."

The nursery is one of the recent additions to the settlement house and one of the most popular. It is a crèche where the children of the poorest mothers are cared for during working hours.

It reminds one of the nursery described by Pierre Loti where the crippled children lay in their little beds and watched the ships go by on the coast of France. This room might be a counterpart of that, for there is the same unceasing interest of shipping on the East River and the tiny enamelled beds ready for the day's naps face the river.

What is the impelling motive that sends the young man to the settlement work? Answers are as varied as the representatives of labor who make them.

One of the most strenuous, a voluntary worker—for there are several salaried teachers—admits that he came entirely from curiosity. He wanted to see life on the East Side, having completed its inspection in many other places.

On his arrival, he confessed that he did not come to do any good; that he had no illusions regarding the people whose eyes were to be opened by his vast experience; that he was not a philanthropist and had merely a selfish viewpoint.

Being eligible for membership—that is, being willing to pay a nominal sum for board and lodging and to give two evenings a week to club work—his candor did not exclude him. To-day all his evenings and many of his day hours are devoted to the needs of the settlement.

He admits that the usual form of invitation receives from his friends is prefaced by "if there isn't a mothers' meeting or a talk at the club" and that he gave a dinner party an electric shock recently when in answer to the plaint of a fashionably gowned matron that she could not find a caretaker for her Murray Hill mansion, he brought forward the qualifications of one Mrs. Mulvaney, with whom he had opened a ball the night before and who had confided to him that she was looking for just such a place.

Speaking more seriously, this settlement worker, who represents the type of unselfish, interested men whose lives are devoted to this labor, says:

"The one fact that I have learned about the settlement work is that any one who comes, as I did, without foolish illusions, and looks at matter from a common sense point of view, must admit that there is absolutely no difference between the so-called East Sider and the rest of the world. There is no line of demarcation unless the latter person is more, wholesomer, more anxious to perform his duties as a citizen, more interested in vital questions.

"The young women have the same needs to happiness and content as their sisters on the Upper West Side. They dress well, are clever in their accomplishments, have innumerable methods of spending their time profitably or for entertainment.

"The boys come here as other boys go to their clubs. They pay their dues and these dues defray a large part of the running expenses of the house.

"They are careful in their dressing and their manners, and it is natural to suppose, manners not being something you can take off and put on, that the majority must be polite and unselfish in their homes. There is only an occasional vicious boy and many mischievous ones.

"The settlement worker, whether he be a salaried or a voluntary giver, is looked upon by the patrons of the house as part of its machinery. When he drops out his place is taken by another, his services are taken as a matter of course.

"Facing this attitude, as well as the growing prosperity of the locality in many ways, he may often ask himself if anything is really accomplished. If, in addition to this he expects gratitude, sad indeed is his lot.

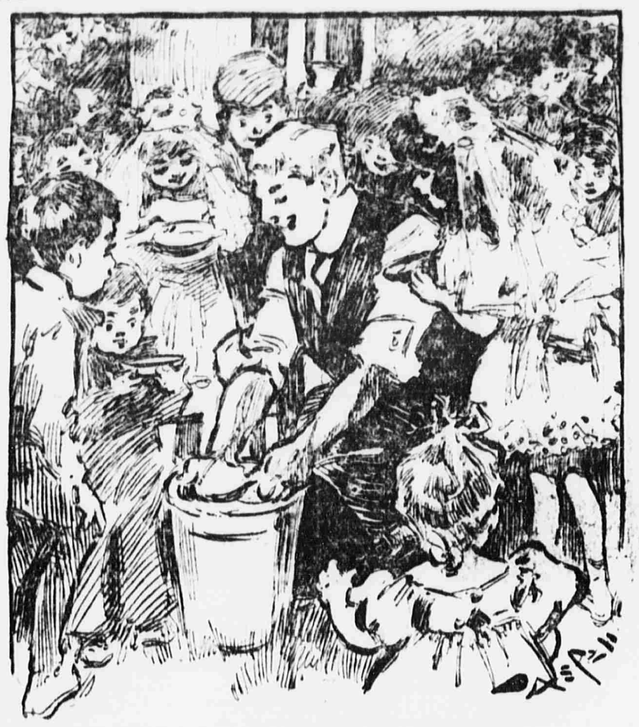
"But when he takes a long perspective, and realizes the slow and steady progress and that the influence of the settlement house is responsible for this in many ways, he is willing to sink his own personality and be glad that he has done his part, even though he may be ignorant of his special power. This is the only possible attitude to have toward the work after the first interest dies out."

Another type of the settlement worker, it is learned, is the born philanthropist who believes in the brotherhood of man and lives up to his creed. One of this type is now head worker at the East Seventy-sixth street house, and still another has left there to live in the slums and to start a settlement of his own according to his individual ideas.

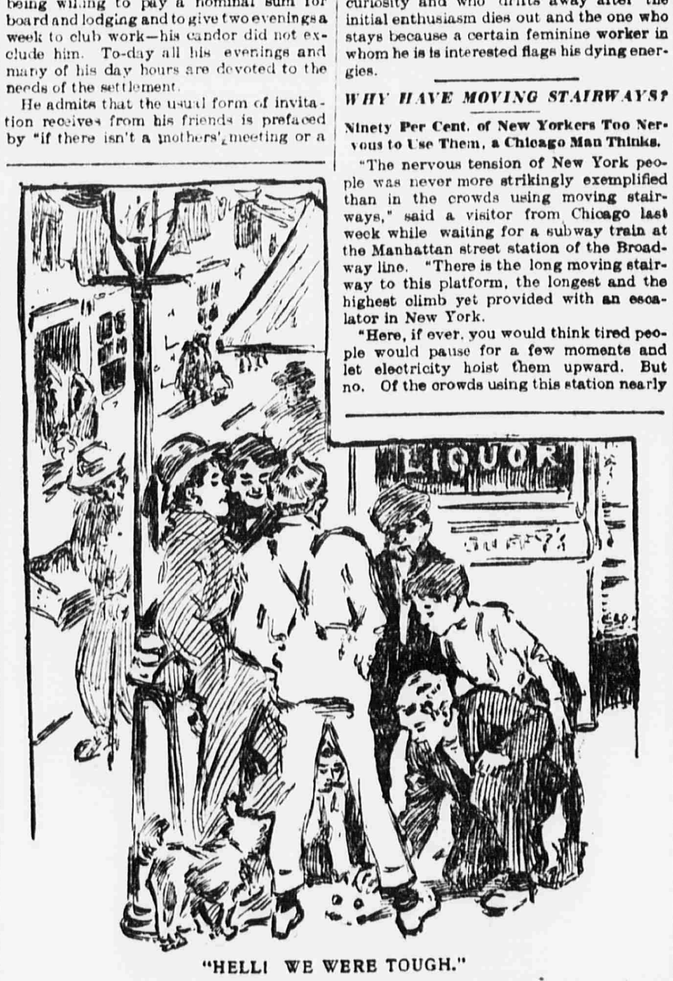
He hopes in time to become a political leader and use his influence for the good of the people.

"You know Stover did the same thing," says the young man who explains this type and represents it himself. "It is through Stover's influence that the playgrounds for the city were started."

Then there is the one who comes through curiosity and who drifts away after the initial enthusiasm dies out and the one who stays because a certain feminine worker in whom he is is interested flags his dying energies.



THE FASCINATION OF THE ICE CREAM PAIL.



"HELL! WE WERE TOUGH."

CARING FOR THE BABIES OF ABSENT MOTHERS.

A BOHEMIAN GIRL OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

WHY HAVE MOVING STAIRWAYS?

Ninety Per Cent. of New Yorkers Too Nervous to Use Them, a Chicago Man Thinks.

"The nervous tension of New York people was never more strikingly exemplified than in the crowds using moving stairways," said a visitor from Chicago last week while waiting for a subway train at the Manhattan street station of the Broadway line. "There is the long moving stairway to this platform, the longest and the highest climb yet provided with an escalator in New York.

"Here, if ever, you would think tired people would pause for a few moments and let electricity hoist them upward. But no. Of the crowds using this station nearly every one insists upon walking up the moving stairway.

"New Yorkers seem unable to stand still. They must be moving all the time. If these people would only stop to figure it out they gain only a second or two by climbing these moving stairs, for the steps are really travelling at a rapid rate.

"But the activity and nervous energy of New Yorkers makes them want to go just a trifle faster, and though they have to wait several minutes at the top for a train they insist on walking or running up these moving stairways. What's the use of having such expensive lifts, anyhow?

"I have noticed the same thing in department stores and at the stations on the elevated road provided with moving stairs. Except for a few tired women, practically every one walks up or down the moving staircase.

"It is a singular commentary on the way New Yorkers live and all goes to prove that they are never happy unless on the jump."

TIME TO STUDY BIRDS NOW.

SONGSTERS RETURNING TO THE CITY PARKS.

Where and How to Look for Them—Many Willing to Be Sentinels Once Their Confidence Is Won—Varied Pleasures to Be Derived From Observing the Birds.

There is no better time to begin the study of birds than right now. The spring migration is going on and within the next fortnight practically all our feathered friends will be back with us, most of them to nest again in the same locality, if not in the identical spot, where they nested a year ago.

Furthermore, for a week or ten days yet the conditions will be favorable for observing birds, and this because much of the foliage will not be fully mature, while the birds will be not only numerous but also more active than at any other time of the year.

Virtually all the birds, excepting of course the shore birds, that nest in this general latitude can be found and studied effectively in the large parks—Central Park, the Bronx parks and Prospect Park. During two brief visits to Prospect Park recently the writer counted eighteen varieties of birds, most of them, evidently, fresh arrivals from the South. These comprised chipping sparrows, robins, purple grackles, a hairy woodpecker, a downy woodpecker, flickers, song sparrows, gold finches, white throated sparrows, white crowned sparrows, fish crows, a barn swallow, cow birds, ruby crowned kinglets, yellow rumped warblers, a summer yellow bird, a catbird and a spotted sandpiper.

This of course is only the vanguard, but the great army is near at hand.

A pair of good opera glasses is almost indispensable for bird study. No matter how keen your eyes are, good lenses will help them. The glasses need not be extraordinarily powerful, for most of your work will be done at short range, rarely more than 200 feet, and this distance will become shorter as you learn how to approach birds without alarming them.

Your glasses should be focussed correctly, so that they reveal outlines clearly; and the less of the prismatic colors they show the better. It is well, too, to practise handling your glasses, so that you can bring them to bear instantly; for most of the birds are moving almost constantly. Nearly all of the warblers, for example, and they include some of the most beautiful and interesting of the birds of this region, are nervous and hard working little fellows, whose pauses are only momentary as they scour the trees.

The difficulty of studying these birds is further increased by their diminutive size and their preference for the treetops, or at least the higher branches. For all of which reasons it behooves you to learn to handle glasses quickly and accurately.

As to your manner of approach, remember, above all things, that quick motions, no matter how slight they may seem to you, are almost certain to alarm birds. Move very deliberately, and conceal yourself as much as possible. When you stop try to do so beside a tree or a bush. Make yourself look as much like a natural part of the landscape as possible.

Raise and lower your glasses slowly; they should not have any bright metal parts about them, by the way, and it is best, for the same reason, to conceal any jewelry, such as a watch chain, that will catch and reflect the light. All birds have wonderful eyesight and anything that looks unusual at once excites their suspicion. Even your conversation with your companion should be carried on in very low and even tones.

Many of the birds, provided they see or hear no cause for alarm, are likely to yield to their curiosity as to who you are and what you are about anyhow. If you stand perfectly still beside a clump of busnes in which a catbird is lurking, and make a faint lisping, squeaking noise with your lips, the chances are that this bird will come within a few feet of you, sometimes within arm's length, to peer at you and scrutinize you with a half defiant, half impudent air that is very amusing.

The merry and busy little white breasted, black capped nuthatch is another bird whose curiosity will usually get the better of his caution. The writer has seen them come down the side of a tree, head downward, and gaze straight into his face not three feet away. The white throated sparrows, though naturally timid and retiring and much inclined at first to keep out of sight in the brush and undergrowth where they usually are to be found, soon become accustomed to the presence of a human companion, provided he stays motionless and quiet, and, perhaps, occasionally answers their marvellously sweet and plaintive whistled song.

A great deal has been said about certain persons' power over animals. A very large part of that power, it is probable, consists simply in doing nothing that will alarm or anger the animal, backed, of course, by knowledge of the animal's natural characteristics. And as to the birds, they seem only too glad to be friendly once they realize that they have no cause to be frightened.

You will need besides your opera glasses a small volume describing the birds of your locality, and this book should include a color key, that is, a system of describing birds based upon their dominant colors, or some striking plumage peculiarity, such as a speckled breast or a red head. There are several such books, and some of them are small enough to be carried in the pocket. With the remarkable increase of interest in ornithology during the past few years and a sympathetic growth in the number of books devoted to that subject, it is singular that the publishers have taken so little account of this matter of pocket editions of bird books.

Familiarize yourself with the general system upon which your color key is formulated and proceed with your observations carefully and methodically. Once you have caught the bird fairly with your lenses, concentrate your attention on the color scheme of its plumage, that is, what the prevailing colors are and how they are arranged with reference to one another, and with respect to the various parts of the body.

If, for example, you note that your bird has a yellow body, black wings, a black tail and a black spot on the crown of its head, your key—under some such index as "conspicuously yellow"—should tell you promptly that the bird is an American goldfinch, sometimes called thistle bird—from his fondness for the thistle tops—and also yellow bird.

Try, also, to note anything peculiar about your bird's motions of flight. If, while on the wing, it flies in undulations, repeating constantly three or four twittering notes, with the accent placed quite strongly on the note sounded at the lowest point in each undulation, you may be doubly sure that you are looking at a goldfinch. For though all of the woodpeckers have undulating flights—a point well worth remembering—the goldfinch is the only one that sings as he swings in this peculiar way through the air. And if your imagination is active enough, you perhaps can make out that he is saying:

"Just see me go! Just see me go!"

For obvious reasons, plumage will form the basis of your study, and your eye will become so practised that you will detect at a glance the color peculiarity through which you can identify your bird. In the meantime you will be noting other characteristic peculiarities, if you are ordinarily observant. It has been said of a bird lover that he "knew every bird by the dirt of its tail." This was far from simply humorous hyperbole, for, as a matter of fact, there are several species of birds which can be positively identified simply by the way they handle their tail feathers.

The spotted sandpiper teeters his body the instant he stops between his little sprints along the river bank, and here is a characteristic movement involving the tail. The oven-bird walks along—there are relatively few birds that walk, by the way—in a manner which might be very astute and dignified, but for the constant bobbing up and down of his tail—in a manner, however, quite different from the sandpiper's.

That most beautiful of all our singers, the hermit thrush, has a way of nervously twitching his tail that is unmistakable. The brown thrasher, especially when he is singing, is likely to hold his tail feathers almost perpendicular, while the line of his back will be at about 45 degrees, giving him an outline which makes him recognizable almost as far as he can be seen. The catbird emphasizes most of his remarks and does his sauciest attitudinizing by various flirts and poses of his long tail feathers.

And so on. These and a hundred other tricks are instantly detected by your well informed bird observer.

The man to whom the best bird music does not appeal surely must be "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." The beauty of bird plumage appeals directly to the æsthetic appreciation of color effects, their natural temperaments, as expressed by their daily life and particularly by their nesting habits and their solicitude for their young, arouse strongest human sympathies, but in their calls and their songs are revealed the clearest suggestions of the distinctly human emotions. John Burroughs expressed this idea when he said:

"Among our own birds there is the song of the hermit thrush for devoutness and religious serenity, that of the wood thrush for the musing, melodious thoughts of twilight, the song sparrow's for simple faith and trust, the bobolink's for hilarity and glee, the mourning dove's for hopeless sorrow, the vireo's for all day and every day contentment, and the nocturne of the mocking bird for love.

"The note of the pewee is a human sigh; the chickadee has a cell full of unspeakable tenderness and fidelity. There is pride in the song of the tanager, and vanity in that of the cat bird.

"There is something distinctly human about the robin; his is the note of boyhood. I have thoughts that follow the migrating fowls northward and southward and that go with the sea birds into the desert of the ocean, lonely and tireless as they.

"I sympathize with the watchful crow, perched yonder on that tree, or walking about in the fields. I hurry outdoors to hear the clarion of the wild gander when his comrade in myhemp sends back the call."

There is exact truth as well as literary beauty in these characterizations of the moods and emotions suggested by the songs of the birds named, and even this finer enjoyment of bird life may be experienced by any one, provided he will only stop and listen with a sympathetic ear. That the woods and the fields will become very different and vastly more interesting places once one begins to understand and appreciate the bird life there seems obvious enough, at least to the bird lover. It is an interest which, once formed, grows stronger and stronger, because the subject matter is not only inexhaustible from the intellectual viewpoint, but makes constant and direct appeals to the sympathies.

JOHNSON OF LEXINGTON, KY.

Effect on the Boys of a Blue Grass State Town of the Sight of a Silk Hat.

This is the experience of a New Yorker who wore a silk hat in Lexington, Ky.:

The New Yorker was attending the ninth annual conference for education in the South. On the night of his arrival he started out from the Phœnix Hotel, as did others in the visiting party, arrayed in evening clothes and a high hat. He was going to attend a reception given by a young women's college.

As he walked down the street the name "Johnson" came repeatedly to his ears. This man Johnson seemed to be mighty popular in Lexington that night. Everybody knew him.

All the boys on the streets were talking about him. "Johnson, Johnson," they were calling, and then they would rush about in the dusk as though the name had caused a good deal of excitement.

"It might be one of the city policemen," thought the New Yorker.

But that could hardly be, for all the grown up folks, although they smiled, seemed to take the name seriously. Some of them even remonstrated with the boys.

They evidently thought this man Johnson ought not to have his name called out frivolously by boys in the street. Apparently, he was a man to be spoken of only in a dignified way.

The New Yorker was amused at the discomfiture of the boys when some of the men on the street took them to task about Johnson. The New Yorker stopped on the street and laughed. It was so funny—this idea of such a fuss being made by grown up people over the mere calling of Johnson by name.

The New Yorker was thinking, too, with how much better grace the Lexington boys took it than New York boys. He was picturing to himself how New York boys would have resented any interference with their shouting the name of one of the city's great men. He was thinking what they would have done if anybody had tried to stop them from shouting, for instance, "Low, Low, Low." Anyway, it appeared to be a good characteristic about the Kentucky boys; they evidently took an interest in something aside from their games.

"This Mr. Johnson seems to be a person of considerable prominence here," said the New Yorker to one of the men who had remonstrated with a crowd of boys. "Can you tell me who he is?

"Why, yes, to be suah," replied the Kentuckian, hesitatingly, "that is, if you will pahdon my being personal. You see, sir, that's a game the boys in these parts play.

"It is to be regretted, sir, it certainly is. It is suah mortifying to us sometimes, for we like to show the stranger every courtesy, but it is well nigh impossible to stop it.

"The game is, sir, for all the boys to shout 'Johnson' whenever they see a silk hat. The boy who fails to see the hat and shout is the mark for the others. They hit him hard, they do, indeed, sir—

"There now," continued the Kentuckian, taking the New Yorker by the arm just as the name was shouted by a fresh crowd of boys who had rounded a corner, "you see them at it. That young lad in the brown coat didn't see the hat, and they are punching him.

"Ah, it is to be regretted; I am very sorry, sir, indeed I am, but you mustn't let that trouble you. Down here in this country we wear soft hats most of the time, anyway, you know."

That night the New Yorker's silk hat went back into its leather case and remained there during the rest of his stay in Lexington. But the strange thing about the New Yorker's experience was that he didn't say anything to any of the other members of the New York party who wore silk hats.

Every evening he might be seen strolling out from the hotel wearing evening clothes and a derby, and occasionally he could be seen leaning against a tree laughing heartily, while ahead a group of silk hatted men wonderingly watched a crowd of skirmishing youngsters.

It wasn't until the conference was over and the visitors were leaving Lexington that one of the party, a New York minister, asked casually:

"Did any of you gentlemen ever hear of a Southern character named Johnson who was noted for wearing a high hat?"

No response. But a few minutes later the first New Yorker, sidling up to the man who had asked the question, said:

"Shake."

WARY STAY AT HOME TROUT.

BIG FISH FOR WHICH ANGLERS TRY IN VAIN.

A Canadian Monster Trapped at Last by a Country Lad—Futile Efforts Proved the Undoing of Another Veteran of Them All Which Lives in an Abandoned Well.

LACHINE, Que., May 17. "It's wonderful how little change time makes in the country parts of the old land," said a man who lately revisited his haunts of twenty years ago in the north of England.

"There are, it seems to me, the same old people, living in the same old houses, keeping up the same old customs as when I was a lad. I went down to the brook where I used to fish, and, believe me, there was the same old trout, in his old hole under a bank, with the same old habit of waiting till you drew the bait just to the surface before he snatched at it, as he had nearly thirty years ago. He was about the only thing in nature which had not grown smaller to my mind."

Every one who has fished the same trout streams year after year has had somewhat similar experiences. In fact, it is a question worth some investigation whether trout are not domestic in their habits, only leaving their own dwelling places once a year for the annual migration to the spawning grounds.

There is a little party of men who every year fish a little lake and stream in the Laurentides, to the north of this place, who have for some years known of, and had fights with, a huge trout whose abiding place was a deep kettle hole under a high but narrow waterfall. It grew to be the custom for those who remained behind to inquire of returning fishermen, "How did you leave the old trout?" being certain of the fact that he would be angled for, seen and felt. That he was unlikely to be taken was a common belief.

This year a country lad was met by the first visitor to the stream, dragging a tremendous trout alongside. The anglers' presentiment was realized, when the boy gleefully described how he captured the famous old fish—it weighed just under thirteen pounds—with a worm set on a villainous looking contrivance known as an eagle's claw. This is a combination of several great hooks set on a spring, so that directly the bait is touched they pounce in a circle into the head of the fish, making its escape impossible.

That particular trout had frequented the same hole among the sharp edged rocks for at least nine years. He had broken scores of hooks and lines in that time, but had contrived to rid himself of them all, though his tough old jaws showed marks of wounds.

In the Gatineau country is a broken down lumberer's dam on a pretty well fished out trout stream, beneath which a big speckled fellow has hidden for years. Of late he has grown epicurean in taste, and will only rise at small May flies. He can only be reached through a hole two feet square, between the rotting timbers, and prefers his flies dry.

With a great splash he takes the hook down and under the dam. Probably he swims over and under one of the sunken beams two or three times to get a purchase on the leader, for the result of a strain upon the tackle is always a broken line.

Every visitor to that stream knows of the big trout in the dam, but none who has fished for him imagines that he will ever be killed by fair means.

The cunning of these old hermits is in fact most surprising. There used to be one of them who lay hidden year after year under a curious covering ledge of rock, beneath which the stream passed forming what the Indians used to call a "kazubazua" or "hiding water." About ten feet below, where the little brook came into sight again, a narrow ledge of stone stood up edgewise in midstream.

The old chap used to lie with his head up stream, ready for any worm or grasshopper which might float down. As soon as he was hooked away the trout would dash down the brook to below this stone, around which he doubled, and went back to his cool retreat, certain that the least strain upon the line would fray it apart against the sharp edges.

He was caught at last by an ingenious youngster who used an E fiddle string for a line and the bottom joint of a rod for a pole, dragging out the clever old cave dweller by main strength.

Once, far away in the woods, some distance from the Temiscamingue Lake, a guide led his employer back from the magnificently stocked stream they were fishing to a little well shaded inlet. This terminated just beyond an old stump, a dozen feet away, behind which the sportsman was instructed to make a cast with a short line from where he stood. Directly he got the fly down—rather an awkward business, by the way—a great splash announced a strike, and a fine trout came down from between the roots of the old tree, straight towards him. Of course, there was no playing a large, powerful fish that way, with the line doubled over the stump, and it got off.

"He always do that way, that fellow, every time," remarked the guide joyfully. The angler made some rather biting remarks about the imbecility of casting in that manner, when the danger was known, which appeared to put the guide upon his mettle.

He must have worked most of the night making a dam across the stream above the inlet. Next morning he called the angler early and led him to the scene of the accident of the night before, just as the receding water left the hole at the stump dry. A mud covered monster was writhing about the old roots, which the guide took with his hands. It was the big trout which had been acute enough to take advantage of the holes under the dead tree.

Not very far from this stream is a little deserted clearing and hut, wherein the party set up their camp. The original settler had taken the trouble to sink a well, which was accidentally discovered, and found to be in good condition. Upon letting down a pail for water there was a splashing, which alarmed the guide. A blazing flambeau of birch bark was lowered and by its light a beautiful trout, apparently some thirty inches long, was seen.

According to the guide, and with him agreed an old trapper encountered soon after, this trout must have been carried from the brook and put into the well to keep it sweet, which is a common device in that country. No one but the settler who sank the well would be likely to do such a thing, and he had left the country some thirty-eight years before.

The trout was evidently aged and seemed to have some parasitical growth on one side of the head. But he steadily refused all invitations to leave the well and is probably there to this day. Since nothing can induce him to bite, he may also be classed as the wisest of his kind, since he appreciates to the full the value of his one trick.

Ways of Scotch Justice.

From the Dundee Advertiser.

One often hears comments passed upon the administration of the law by local Magistrates, but while it may sometimes leave a little to be desired it is not so glaringly crude as it often was in earlier times.

It is on record that the Montrose bailie, after hearing the evidence in a breach of the peace case, fined both the accused and all the witnesses "half a croon."

The witnesses naturally resented this decision, but the bailie, with his mind made up, refused to budge from the position he had taken up, and defended it with the remark:

"It disna matter; he had nae business there. Half a croon apiece."

The same bailie was trying another case in which a difficulty arose regarding the non-appearance of a witness. The court was informed that the witness was defunct. The Magistrate, who was a self-made and highly successful business man, and who had gained elevation to the bench solely on account of his command of "siller," had never heard that particular form applied to death, and, thinking it was a legal phrase, called out in commanding tones: "Bring forward the defunct!" which brought down the house.